



VOLUME XI, NO. 3

Happy
Holidays

DECEMBER 1994

PICNIC '94 REMEMBERED

By Dean Acquaviva

The day was the stuff that dreams and memories are made of. Brilliant blue canopy of sky stretching overhead punctuated perfectly by the fluffiest clouds that water crystals have ever endeavored to create. The grounds at 90 Eggerts Road had been pruned, primped and preened. The games lay in wait for the adventurous sports persons and a kind of a hush fell gracefully on our little piece of the world.

Then the influx started. They came from all the parts of the known world, every nook and cranny of New Jersey was represented. We even had picnickers from as far away as Michigan, California and (gasp) Denmark.

The cuisine that was brought by family members was indescribably delicious. The major challenge, as always, was to sample a bit of each before becoming too completely satiated to try them all.

This year's picnic boasted a wandering troubadour, playing accordion and singing lilting songs which frolicked

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Law Office Merger Places Clora in Charge of Princeton and Philadelphia.

The law office of Martin K. Indik, located in Princeton, NJ and the Philadelphia based firm of Thomas S. McNamara have merged to form the firm of **Indik&McNamara**.

The Princeton law office has been in the capable hands of our own Clora Acquaviva (Bilancio) for the last five years. As a practicing paralegal, Clora has run the basic business of the law firm's daily activities, specializing in real estate closings. She has also been responsible for bookkeeping at the firm; she now will branch out and become more familiar with the work load in the new partner's office as well.

Both Mr. Indik and Mr. McNamara attended Rutgers University Law School in Newark NJ. They have been practicing separately since 1990 and 1992 respectively. They have been contemplating a partnership since law school.

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Let The Planting Begin!

by Tony Chianese (with Angelo Chianese)

I would like to propose a new form of fund-raising for *La Vigna* that I think will be both effective and fun. Here is my proposal.

As our family readers know from the last issue of *La Vigna*, my son Angelo and I raised 3 abundant crops of arugola this past Spring /Summer /Fall and harvested a good amount of seeds from the planting. (Angelo was preparing an alternate enterprise in the event his singing telegram business went belly-up: packaging and sale of "ARUGITALIA." You can hardly find these seeds anywhere for sale, trade name 'Roquette' or 'Rocket'. The company, by the way, did not go bust and is more vital and vigorous than ever, thank God.)

You already know about getting 100+ arugola seeds by donating \$1.00 to *La Vigna's* publication costs (no need to wait until Spring if you're interested, folks: Willie Bilancio has raised and harvested arugola at school, mid-winter in her snow-belt hometown of Bath, New York, and fed it to her 2nd graders--mmmm, good!)

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Eva Bilancio-Schoning and her mother Corinne and father Peter celebrated her second-month birthday together with proud Granddaddy Lew and Bernice who enjoyed a most gratifying visit to Copenhagen Nov. 28 to Dec. 10. Adding to the festivities at the same time Corinne's birthday was joyously observed. Quite obviously, she had already received the most delightful and wonderful present she could ever hope for--Eva.

LaVigna Goes Digital: Part Two

by Dean Acquaviva

Welcome to the future, readers of *LaVigna*, you've been promised this was coming ever since John Glenn took that first Sunday drive through the stratosphere in a luxury vehicle built with good old fashioned yankee ingenuity. What am I babbling about?, you might ask, (and rightly so), why the very product you so proudly hold in your hands at this very minute. Behold, I bring you the new, improved, all digital *LaVigna* freshly created from cyberspace.

Have you noticed the strange new look the titles of the articles have... they're bold face type! Even the name of the paper appears differently in type... *its italicized!* These are just some of the many new features which come to you through the magic of the computer and its associated software the word processor. You may also have noticed the columns have straight edges (fully justified), and those of you who are spelling whizzes will be hard put to find spelling errors (type-o's) due to "Spellcheck".

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JULIANNE STAYS ON HER TOES

By Julianne Wiesner-Chianese

Ballet (ba-la) is a very graceful, and elegant kind of dance. It takes hard work, dedication, and spirit. You have to stay fit to dance (if not you won't be able to keep up!). If you are a beginner, you start with the easy things. Like, for instance, plie's, toundu'es, and so on. Most people start at age 4 or 5 to about age 8. The later you start, the harder it is. Although it looks easy on the stage, it takes months

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PICNIC '94 (continued from pg. 1)

lithely on the memories of our enamored guests.

The games turned into hotly contested tournaments. The volleyball demons volleyed fiercely; the quoit experts threw with skill; but above all the bocce masters rolled and rolled again as judges equipped with tape measure officiated. The last game had to be called a draw due to darkness; and the players still argued this compromise.

The majority of the picnickers did manage to get themselves included in the *Official Picnic Portrait*, but there are always those missing persons who either left early or came late.

The homemade ice cream cranked away all afternoon with samples for almost everyone (five batches were made).

The event finally drew to a close at about ten o'clock when the youngsters took over and turned the picnic into a party (which is becoming a tradition in its own rite).

So if this sounds like your idea of a fun way to taste some great food, exercise your week-end sportsperson and see all the friends and relatives you can shake a stick at (and we have plenty of sticks to shake), join us at the next **LaVigna Family Picnic**. It will be held on Saturday--note on SATURDAY--July 15, 1995 at 90 Eggerts Crossing Road, Lawrenceville, New Jersey. **Save this day on your calendar.**



Well, here's my latest idea. I'm going to fill a small bottle with arugola seeds and bring it to The LaVigna Family Picnic this summer. Your job will be to guess how many of these very tiny seeds are in the bottle. You may take as many guesses as you want as to how many are in the bottle. Cost per guess is a \$1.00 contribution to *La Vigna*. The prize for guessing the number of seeds (+/- 100 seeds) is \$50.00, which I will donate, plus the whole bottle of seeds (market value: you figure it out at, say, \$.75 per 100 seeds...). If no one guesses within 100 seeds, the \$50.00 goes to *La Vigna*.

Finally you ask, "But who is going to go through all the time and trouble to count that many tiny seeds in the bottle to know their number?" Answer: my son Angelo. After all, he lived rent-free with me for six months this year. He owes me a favor or two. Seriously though, Angelo has already begun the task of the count by having a scientific instrument company weigh 0.10 grams of seeds and then counting the seeds in that small quantity. Any volume bottle that I choose can thus be selected, filled, emptied, and its contents weighed and multiplied out to give a fairly accurate read of its contents.

I look forward to playing with you all this summer and to helping continue the great work of this family newspaper. My love to you all.

Tony.

(Antonio; Antoniuccio; Toniuccio; Duniuccio; Duniucce; Dunniel; Dunn).

Digital: Part Two Continued

Why am I boring you with all this technical junk when all you want to do is enjoy your family newspaper? (and read Lucy's recipe for squid pasta), Because this is America, this is the '90s, Welcome to the information superhighway,(we just happen to be a side street).

Once before in the very recent past *LaVigna* was brought to you by the miracle of computer, however it was done by one person, in a one way passive receptor fashion,(sounds impressive & scientific doesn't it). Now through the magic of interactive programming you will be able to become a vital, viable part of the newspaper process without even leaving your home,(maybe). There are a number of family members who already possess the technology I am speaking of, and there may be many more I am unaware of.

What this entails is getting access to a Macintosh computer with a word processor (Word, or Works) and typing your own article exactly the way you wish it to appear (with all the funny bold and italic words) then you save it on a disc(this is the good part) and mail it (or hand deliver) to the same old place.

This will save us hours of typing and headaches deciphering hand writing, and since the machines can move type around anywhere you want it, we don't even have to cut and paste,(it's like paste-up heaven).

Some time in the very near future we hope to have a computer at 90 Eggerts Crossing Rd., so that anyone in Trenton can stop by (call and make sure we're home) and type in their articles (and socialize) by the deadlines. All this should encourage more participation (especially from people far away), more accurate translations (since you typed it didn't you?) and possibly a data bank of stories To be continued... as more people respond.

Buck Rogers never had it so good, our paper will continue to grow in quality of its content as well as that of its new space age appearance. This is futurist mousey Mac signing off for the 22nd century(what has this guy been drinking?) bye for now Dean...

PS: Those of you with fond feelings for paper and pencil need not despair *La Vigna* will still accept articles in the time honored if somewhat severely outdated method of notation known as hand-writing. The future will wait on hold on your speaker phone until you are ready to deal with it.



ON HER TOES Continued

to learn the steps and the timing. Overall, it's fun.

I've been doing it for about 7 years and I enjoy it a lot! Some think it's boring, but I think if they got the hang of it, they'd like it! (Personally, it's my favorite kind of dance!) If you get really good, you can go on to point or toe shoes. This only happens if your ankles are strong enough. Otherwise, you wear the usual slippers. There are so many things about ballet that I can't tell them all, but if you do have any questions, see Julianne 5H at Gouter.

Law Office Merger (continued from pg. 1)

The partners will maintain the dual locations of Ewing Street in Princeton, and center city Philadelphia. Clora will be glad to help any *LaVigna* family member find appropriate legal representation with this newly expanded firm.

IN THE MILITARY POLICE (Part II)

By Lewis A. Bilancio

When I had feared that I might go back to the Questura, I was right, but this time it was as an MP. The army had taken over a part of the main Questura in Rome, and there I clerked and occasionally went out on patrol.

Although in reading detective stories I solved the crimes almost as well as the her-detective, in real life I was a flop. When I patrolled with Sergeant Ames, he saw crime everywhere, whereas I was crime blind. Sometimes he saw a crime even before it was committed.

One day we were on a crowded trolley. A man in front of us with a raincoat over his arm was crowding another man in front of him. Ames raised the raincoat to show me that its owner was using it as a cover for his hand that was pulling out a wallet from the pocket of the man he was pushing.

The thief was terror-stricken and rushed off the trolley in panic. Ames laughed; we had no interest in, nor jurisdiction over civilians.

Another time a committee of vendors complained that G.I.s took fruit and refused to pay. So we parked by the farmers market and watched. Ames pointed out two boys playing soccer. "They are going to steal fruit," he said. I couldn't believe it. But in a little while, as the farmer and his wife were both attending to some customers, the soccer ball "accidentally" rolled close to the fruit stand and when a boy went to retrieve it, he slipped an apple in his pocket so adroitly that it was obvious he had done it before. Ames admired the move, "That rascal is really good."

"How did you know they were going to steal?" I asked.

"When you play ball you keep your eyes on the ball, but they eyed the situation at the fruit stand," he replied.

There were some advantages in the MPs. We had identification and written authorization to carry arms, stay out after curfew and to arrest. On patrol we wore arm bands and carried 45s, otherwise they were optional. I opted not to. The 45 caliber Colts and Brownings were heavy and clumsy. I envied the Italian police their light, handy Beretta pistols. By merely showing my identification I was allowed into shows, movies, museums and given free transportation. We received tremendous respect from the civilians, less so from our soldiers.

I enjoyed the strange cases that came to our offices. Several of them involved serial numbers. A corporal brought in a civilian who had played his serial number in the lottery and won. The lottery incidentally was the only efficiently run government operation when we arrived. The corporal expected a part of the money, since it was his number.

Another involved a woman who came in with her pregnant daughter. She had the serial number of the soldier who was the father, and who had disappeared. They knew him only as John. "how did you get his serial number? she was asked. She had gotten it from a blanket on which the soldier had inscribed it in indelible ink.

That is contraband, she was told. Anyway we had no way of tracing him by his serial number. She was luck not to be detained.

But the truth of the matter was that if the U.S. "contraband" goods were to suddenly disappear, half of Rome would be walking the streets naked. The reason everyone was dressing in dark clothes was not that they were in mourning. It was because dark green, blues and black were the only dyes that concealed the U.S. A. marked on G.I. cloth.

My life as an MP soon came to a close. I was transferred shortly after my wallet was stolen. "Do not keep your wallet in your back pocket," I had been told many times. But it was the most convenient place for me and furthermore my friends had tried to sneak it out of

my back pocket but no one ever succeeded: I was proud of my sensitive buttocks.

Pickpockets are supposed to pick pockets undetected. This is clearly explained in a chapter in *Oliver Twist* where Oliver is being trained to pick the pocket of Fagin without detection. However, the one who picked my pocket brought same on his profession.

I was pushing my way into a trolley full of people. My foot was already on the second step and many people were behind me helping to push me in when suddenly, grossly, without the slightest finesse, someone jammed his hand into my pocket and pulled out my wallet. When I turned around, there before me was a crowd of faces all intent on climbing into the trolley.

The liras in the wallet were almost worthless, my identity cards could be replaced, but the PX card which authorized me to procure rations of cigarettes and other precious things at a great discount was worth real money to me but could not be used by civilians.

Sergeant Ames laughed when I told him confidentially what had happened, "you'll get your wallet back in the mail," he said, "minus the liras."

He is pulling my leg, I thought, and proceeded to get new identity cards. When I told the supply sergeant what had befallen me, with hesitation he gave me a new PX card with a month's supply on it. The one stolen had been half used up so I found myself about \$25 ahead.

A week later I was called in by the Provost Marshal. We saluted and he put me at ease. Opening his desk, he took out my wallet and handed it to me. Everything was in it except the liras. The half-used up PX card was still there. Now I was about \$50 ahead. "How often may one lose his wallet?" was running through my mind.

The P.M. turned his attention to some papers on his desk for a few seconds, then said briskly, "Congratulations. You are being transferred to G-1. Pick up your papers from the clerk on the way out." There was a sharp salute and in a minute I was outside breathing the fresh air (there was little traffic then) and wondering what was G-1.

LORRAINE ANTHONY

As many of us already know, Lorraine Anthony has had some medical problems over the last few weeks. She hopes to be home from Philadelphia Presbyterian Hospital before the Christmas holidays. Her illness has caused us great concern. But we are certain the Lord will help Lorraine and all of us through these painful times.

All of our prayers for a speedy recovery go out to her at this time.

Lorraine and her family extend you all this Christmas greeting:



*Holiday Greetings
From
"The Anthonys"*

Best wishes for 1995--Good Health, Wealth, and
Happiness!



LEW'S CHRISTMAS LETTER DECEMBER 1994

Dear Friend,

Once again *La Vigna* gives us the opportunity to send you greetings and to tell you a little about us in 1994.

We started the year with a New Year's Autotrain ride to Florida, where we stayed at various Holiday Inns during the winter months. We also enjoyed the hospitality of the Martins for several days during the Superbowl season.

On our return north we visited my brother Leo's daughter Jane, James and little Jonathan in Marietta, near Atlanta; then our friends the Newcombs in Blackburg VA, then Lesli (Bernice's granddaughter), Amber and Angus in Chesterfield VA.

Bernice and I had become the Glassboro Emergency Center, so we felt compelled to change our 30-year-old phone number from 881-0911 to 881-6016. Please make a note of it.

October 1994 was the antithesis of October 1929 (when the stock market crashed). The Philadelphia Eagles football team demolished San Francisco; Israel signed a peace treaty with Jordan; and I was presented with my first grandchild.

She was born in Copenhagen, Denmark to Corinne and Peter Schoning on Oct. 6 there, but Oct. 5 here (she will always be a day older in the US!) Her name is Eva. Her dimensions have already been announced, but you may be surprised to learn that she can already jump as high as the piano in their living room.

When I heard that I had become a grandfather, I felt rejuvenated. But who am I kidding? When I try to look up a word in the dictionary, serendipity takes over; I discover many other fascinating words and forget the word I wanted to look up. The magnifying glass which used to be kept in a handy drawer now never leaves the top of my desk. When I search for my check book to write a substantial gift for Lorraine, or Frannie, or Lucy, or Terry, by the time I find it I forget the purpose and write a small check for groceries instead.

But all kidding aside, I'm healthier than one might expect me to be. So with this end-of-the-year thought:

Good luck, good health, be happy! And give us a thought once in a while.

Lew Bilancio

PS. The piano can't jump either.

La Vigna Picnic-Goers, Fun-Filled July 1994. These are some of the many family members who gathered for the official picnic portrait at this year's LaVigna Family Picnic. We all look forward to seeing the entire LaVigna family gather next summer on Saturday, July 15, 1995. Come on out and enjoy!!!



90 Eggerts Crossing Rd.
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Save this day on your calendar.
PICNIC -- Saturday, July 15, '95

